

# zero zero

#26 (Special post-antepenultimate issue)

MATURE READERS

Christine Shields • P. Reves  
Aaron Augenblick • Reiser  
Al Columbia • Mack White  
David Collier • Mike Diana  
Peter Kuper • Ethan Persoff  
Joe Sacco • Kim Deitch



Kids across America hail MR.  
SATANIC HAMMER as their new hero.  
He pounds out parents, grandparents  
& unwanted siblings.



"The Search for Smilin' Ed" by Kim Deitch: 2  
 "Alfred the Great" by Al Columbia: 17  
 "Pussied Out" by Reiser: 21  
 "Frankenstein My Love" by Christine Shields: 25  
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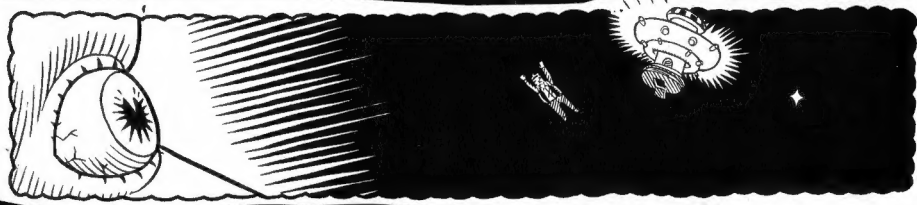
By now everyone is probably thoroughly confused as to whether this is in fact or not the final issue of ZERO ZERO. It is in fact not, because I realized it would be inhumane to nip off the two major continuing stories, Kim Deitch's "The Search for Smilin' Ed" and Mack White's "Homunculus," before they could reach their conclusion, and downright sadistic to just release them as graphic novels without running the last chapter here. (Not that any publisher would *ever* pull such a despicable stunt.) Thus the grand finale, ZERO ZERO #27 (a.k.a. ZERRE D'EAU; or TWO THOUSAND ZERO ZERO) will either be a relatively short issue, mostly devoted to wrapping up those two epic-length sagas, or a huge fucking blow-out issue, with everything but the kitchen sink piled in in addition to those two epic-length sagas. (Speaking of kitchen sinks, thanks for the cover!) I dunno. And that means I don't have to write a tearful goodbye or a drunken fuck-you-all until next time around.

Love & kisses to all the contributors this issue, especially ZZ newcomers Peter Bagge (I'm sure we'll hear from that kid again someday), Christine Shields, Peter Kuper, and Aaron Augenblick, as well as the dear departed Reiser, who I hope is smiling down (or maybe up) at us today. (Start your "Please publish a full Reiser book" letter-writing campaign today!)

— Kim Thompson

CREDITS

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 Published by Gary Groth and Kim Thompson





# The Search For Smilin' Ed!

CONTINUED





A RE-RUN WAS ON OF ONE OF THOSE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES SHOWS.

THIS ONE HAD TO DO WITH AN ATTEMPTED MASS MURDER AT A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL IN 1954.

RE-ENACTMENT

APPARENTLY SOME MANIAC HAD PLANNED TO PUSH A PLUGGED-IN TV SET INTO A SWIMMING POOL FULL OF KIDS.

ONLY IT NEVER HAPPENED. THEY FOUND THE PLUGGED-IN TV UP ON A DIVING BOARD, READY TO BE PUSHED IN. BUT NO PERPETRATOR WAS EVER FOUND.

LIST

- ☐ - CALL PAM
- ☐ - SIT UPS
- ☐ - YOGA
- ☐ - LITHO
- ☐ - LAY OUTS

THE  
HELL  
BOUND  
TRAIN

ELLA

ANNETTE HANSON

FROM THE BIG TRAIL

MAX BRAND

DESTROY RIDES AGAIN

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

OH, THERE WAS ONE OTHER CLUE. A RUBBER FROGGY DOLL HAD APPARENTLY FALLEN FROM A DIVING BOARD AND BOUNCED OFF SOME KIDS HEAD!

RE-ENACTMENT

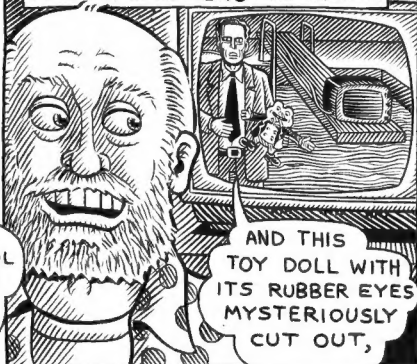
THIS DEFINITELY GOT MY ATTENTION.

I WATCHED AS A FIFTY YEAR OLD WOMAN DESCRIBED THIS INCIDENT OF FORTY ODD YEARS AGO.

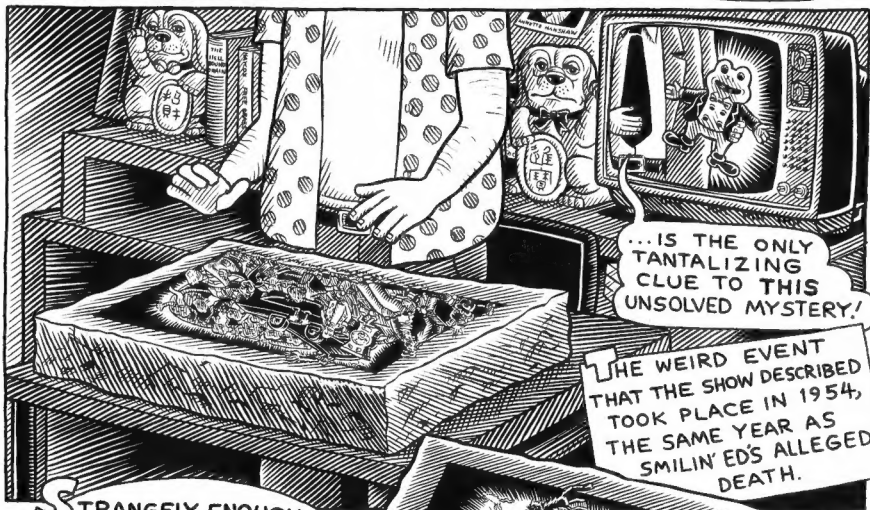


I WAS JUST SPLASHIN' IN TH' POOL AND THEN THIS FROG DOLL HIT ME!

THE WHOLE THING STRUCK ME AS BOTH UNSETTLING AND IRONIC.



AND THIS TOY DOLL WITH ITS RUBBER EYES MYSTERIOUSLY CUT OUT,



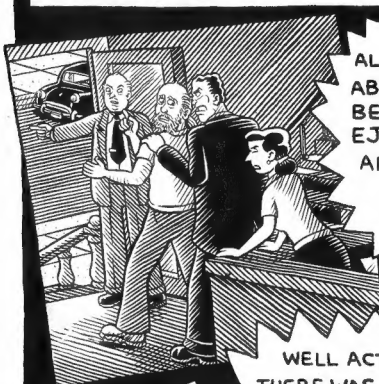
...IS THE ONLY TANTALIZING CLUE TO THIS UNSOLVED MYSTERY!

THE WEIRD EVENT THAT THE SHOW DESCRIBED TOOK PLACE IN 1954, THE SAME YEAR AS SMILIN' ED'S ALLEGED DEATH.



STRANGELY ENOUGH, AT THE MOMENT THE SHOW CAME ON, I'D BEEN DRAWING A RATHER BIZARRE LITHOGRAPH THAT PICTURED, AMONG OTHERS, ME, MY BROTHER, FROGGY AND SMILIN' ED!



IT WAS ALL I HAD TO SHOW FOR ALL THE TIME I'D INVESTED IN TRYING TO RESEARCH THE LIFE OF THIS COLORFUL EARLY TV STAR. THAT NIGHT, THE DETAILS OF THAT FRUITLESS SEARCH WERE SWIRLING THROUGH MY HEAD.



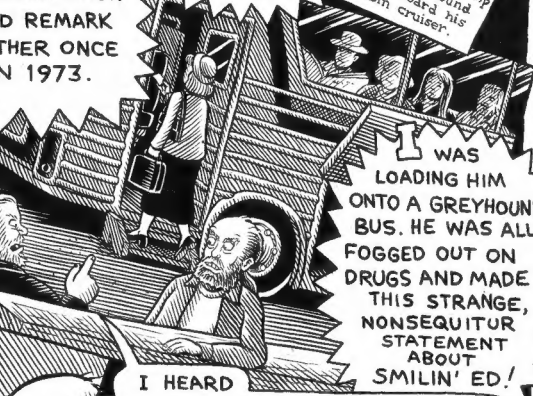
IT HAD ALL ENDED QUITE ABRUPTLY WITH ME BEING FORCEFULLY EJECTED FROM THE ARMENIAN EMBASSY AT 116 EAST 36TH ST.



OUTSIDE OF SOME PICTURES AND A FEW OLD OBITUARIES, I'D FOUND OUT DAMN LITTLE ABOUT SMILIN' ED; NOTHING REAL.



WELL ACTUALLY, THERE WAS A SLIGHT SEMI-CONFIRMATION OF AN ODD REMARK MY BROTHER ONCE MADE IN 1973.

Died  
Smilin' Ed, 63.  
This popular star  
died suddenly, of  
an apparent heart  
attack. The plump  
star was found  
dead aboard his  
cabin cruiser.





I WAS LOADING HIM ONTO A GREYHOUND BUS. HE WAS ALL FOGGED OUT ON DRUGS AND MADE THIS STRANGE, NONSEQUITUR STATEMENT ABOUT SMILIN' ED!

I HEARD THAT SMILIN' ED DIED IN A BOATING ACCIDENT, AND HIS BODY WAS NEVER FOUND.



LATER, WHEN HE'D KICKED THE HABIT, HE COULD NOT REMEMBER SAYING THIS OR EVEN HEARING SUCH A THING!



YET I'D AT LEAST CONFIRMED, FROM OBITUARIES, THAT ED HAD DIED ON THE WATER, ON BOARD HIS BOAT. STRANGE!



HOW DID SHAKESPEARE PUT IT?

THERE ARE STRANGER  
THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH,

... THAN ARE EVEN  
DREAMT OF IN  
YOUR PHILOSOPHIES!

ANYWAY, THAT'S THE WAY HE SAID IT TO ME IN  
A STRANGE DREAM I HAD THAT NIGHT .....

WE WERE  
AT THIS PARTY,  
MOSTLY FULL OF  
PEOPLE WHO'D BEEN  
DEAD FOR YEARS.  
MANY WERE  
CELEBRITIES.

WE WAS  
ABOUT TO  
EXPAND UPON  
THAT REMARK  
WHEN A CLOCK  
BEGAN TO  
CHIME.



WITH THAT, HE BROKE OFF HIS DISCOURSE AND TOLD ME HE HAD TO GO.

I WAS JUST SHAKING HANDS WITH HIM, WHEN THE CLOCK FINALLY STRUCK TWELVE!



AND I FELT HIS HAND TURN TO WOOD IN MINE!



... AND HE CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR, STIFF AS A BOARD!



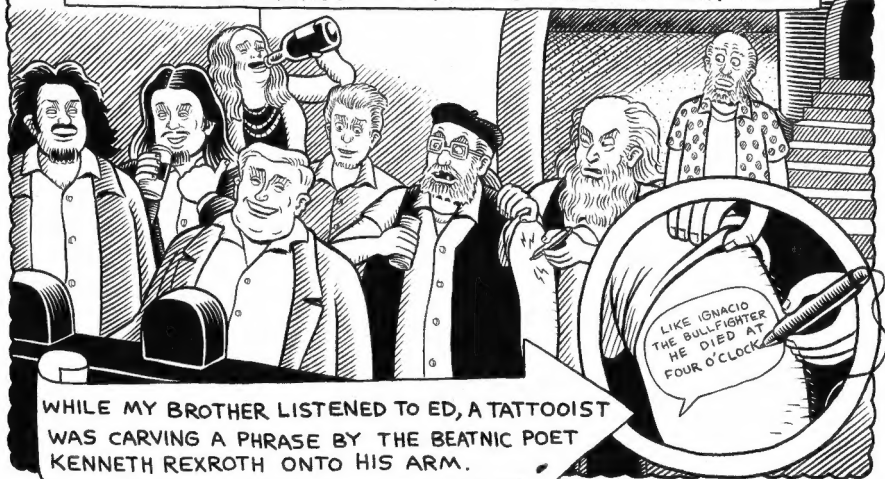
TWELVE PYGMY MEN CAME IN AND CARRIED THE WOODEN CARCASS OUT.



PEOPLE MOVED ASIDE, BUT OTHERWISE PAID THE INCIDENT LITTLE MIND.



I WANDERED BACK IN AND FOUND MY BROTHER AND SEVERAL CARTOONIST FRIENDS STANDING OVER BY SMILIN' ED.



WHILE MY BROTHER LISTENED TO ED, A TATTOOIST WAS CARVING A PHRASE BY THE BEATNIC POET KENNETH REXROTH ONTO HIS ARM.



JUST  
THEN, THE  
CLOCK  
STRUCK  
ONE!

THIS TIME, SMILIN' ED TURNED TO WOOD AND  
CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR.

BONG!

AND THE SAME TWELVE MEN CAME AND  
CARRIED HIM ONTO THE UFO. IT HAPPENED  
EVERY TIME THE CLOCK CHIMED A NEW HOUR!

AT TWO IT HAPPENED  
TO JANIS JOPLIN,  
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE  
OF A SET.

AT THREE  
IT WAS  
ELVIS PRESLEY'S  
TURN TO GO.

BONG  
BONG  
BONG

THEN THE CLOCK STRUCK FOUR. BUT THIS TIME NOBODY TURNED TO WOOD AND FELL OVER. INSTEAD MY BROTHER SAID....

IT'S MY TURN. I'LL SEE YA LATER.

BONG!  
BONG!  
BONG!  
BONG!

HE RAN OUT OF  
THE PARTY,

...AND ONTO  
THE SHIP!

I RAN AFTER HIM,  
TRYING TO POINT OUT  
THAT HE WAS MAKING  
A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

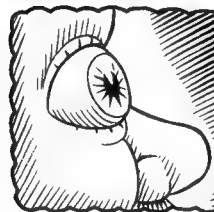
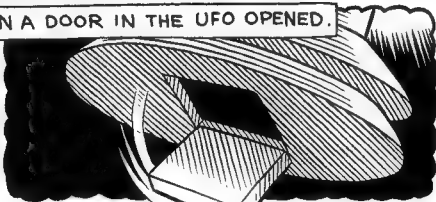
BUT THE UFO HAD ALREADY TAKEN OFF!

THEN, WHEN IT WAS UP PRETTY HIGH, IT STARTED WRITING A MESSAGE IN THE SKY.

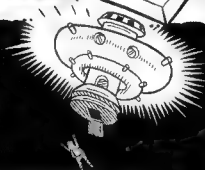
HTTP://WWW.FINDSMILE.ED

IT SEEMED TO BE KIND OF A CODE!

I WAS JOTTING IT DOWN WHEN A DOOR IN THE UFO OPENED.



AND SOMETHING STARTED TO FALL!



AS IT GOT CLOSER,

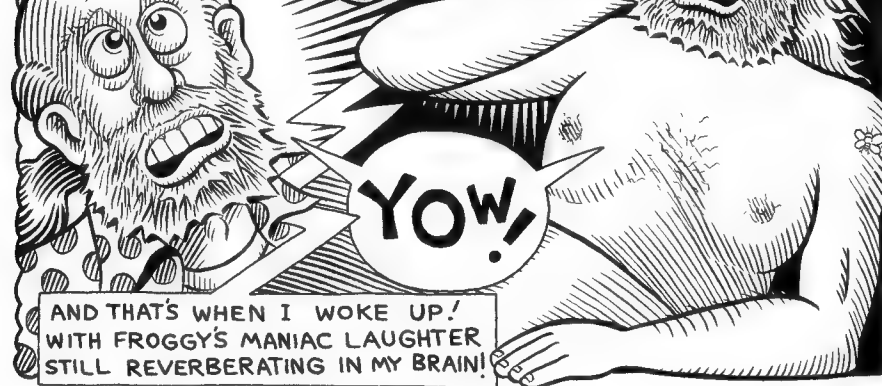
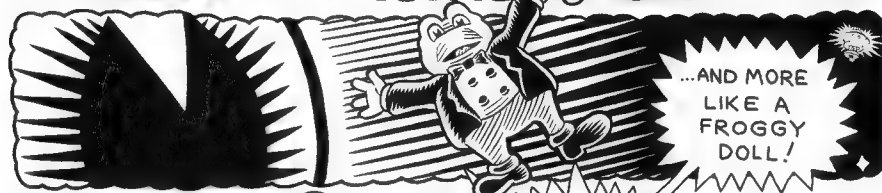


I COULD GRADUALLY SEE...



THAT IT WAS MY BROTHER.





I'D LET OUT SUCH A YELP THAT I WOKE UP MY GIRL FRIEND TOO!

I TOLD  
PAM ALL ABOUT  
THE DREAM I  
JUST HAD; RIGHT  
DOWN TO THAT  
UTTERLY STRANGE  
BIT OF UFO  
SKY WRITING!

....WWW DOT FINDSMILE DOT ED!

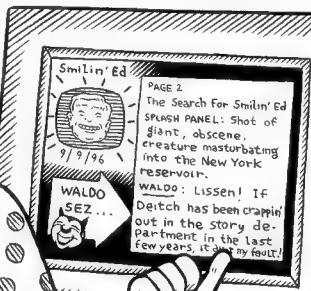
SHE CONCEDED THAT IT WAS STRANGE, BUT ALSO THOUGHT IT SOUNDED  
ALOT LIKE SOME KIND OF WEBSITE CODE!

OUT OF CURIOSITY, PAM PUNCHED  
IT IN ON OUR COMPUTER....

AT FIRST I WAS DEAD SURE IT WAS ALL SOME KIND OF PUT ON.

I MEAN, HELL! WHAT WOULD YOU THINK?

SOMEONE HAD SENT ME A PAGE OF A SCRIPT PURPORTEDLY WRITTEN BY MY FICTIONAL CHARACTER, WALDO THE CAT.



BUT WE PRINTED IT OUT.



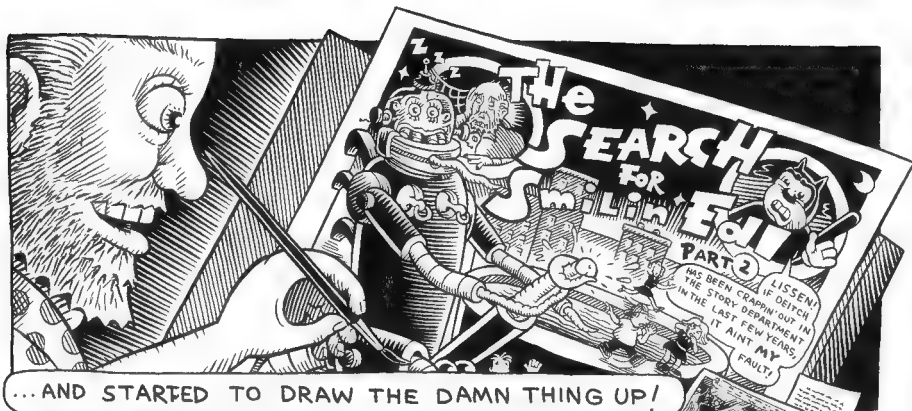
AND DAMN! THE NEXT DAY THERE WAS ANOTHER PAGE OF SCRIPT.

WHAT'S MORE, IT WAS A GOOD STORY. IT GOT TO THE POINT WHERE WE COULD HARDLY WAIT FOR EACH NEW PAGE TO SHOW UP!



SO I TOOK A GREAT BIG LEAP OF FAITH,



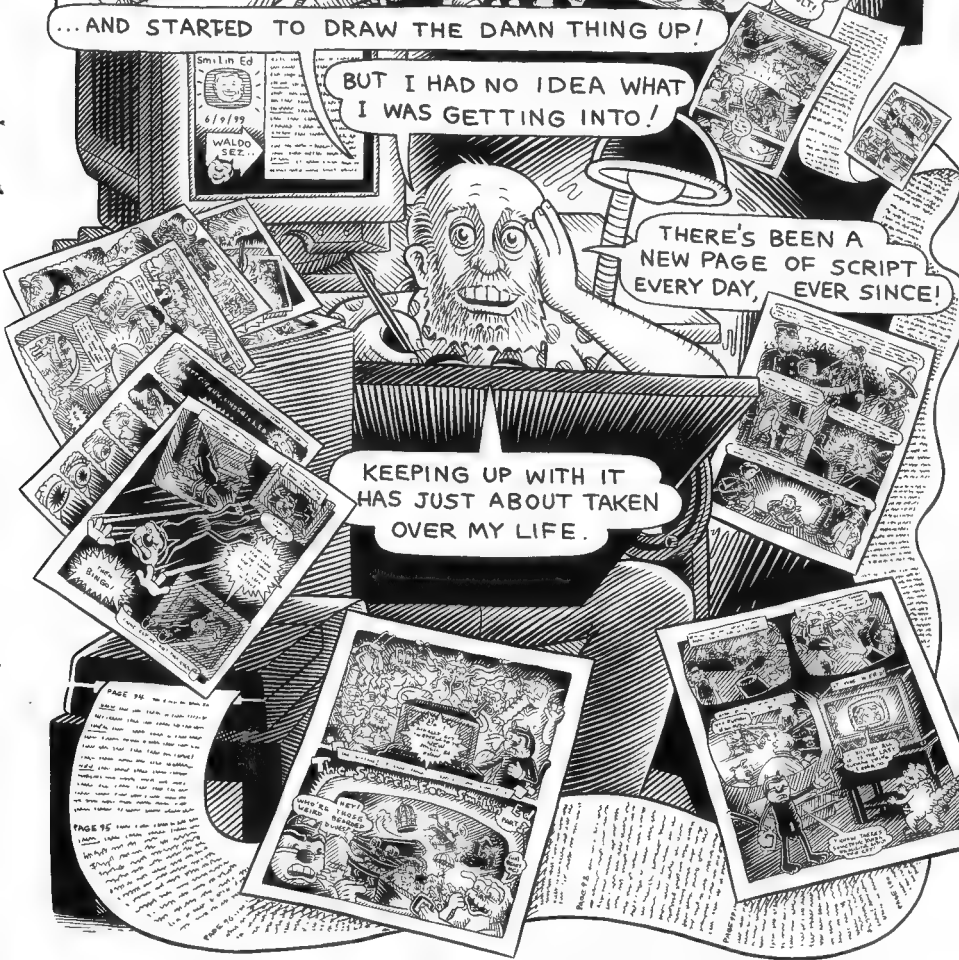


...AND STARTED TO DRAW THE DAMN THING UP!

BUT I HAD NO IDEA WHAT  
I WAS GETTING INTO!

THERE'S BEEN A  
NEW PAGE OF SCRIPT  
EVERY DAY, EVER SINCE!

KEEPING UP WITH IT  
HAS JUST ABOUT TAKEN  
OVER MY LIFE.

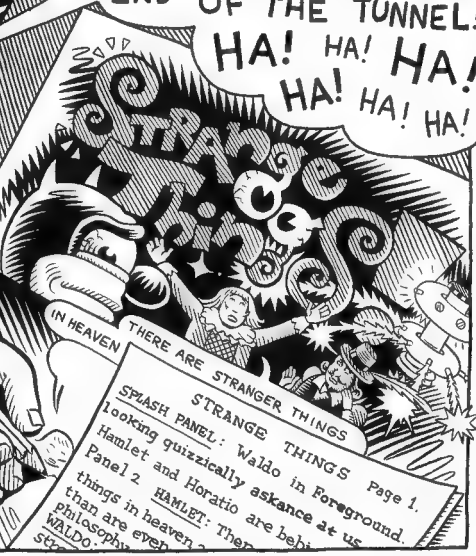


BUT HEY! THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS LATEST BATCH OF SCRIPT THAT LOOKS MIGHTY GOOD TO ME!

YA KNOW? I ACTUALLY THINK THE DAMN THING IS FINALLY WINDING UP!

AT LAST!

LIGHT! AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!





Alfred the Great was born with a very special talent.



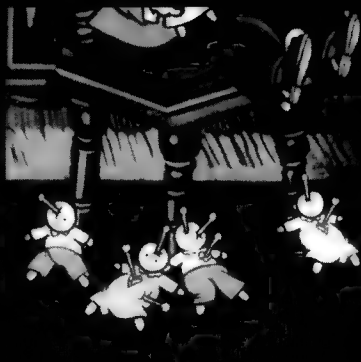
True, his adolescence was one of lonely horror, characterized by the contemptuous laughter he endured by school-mates and teachers alike.



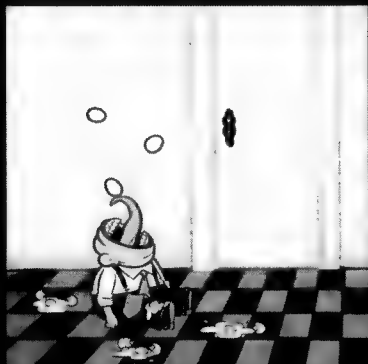
Sadly, it was a talent that very few seemed to appreciate.



Again and again, he swore revenge for this regrettable fact.



As a young adult he was unable or unwilling to find employment. He preferred to stay indoors where his adoptive parents reluctantly allowed him to hone his gift.



Pleased as punch with the sudden opportunity, Alfred joined the circus man's sideshow and after a solid year of touring he became a world-wide sensation, making him wealthy and famous beyond his wildest expectations.

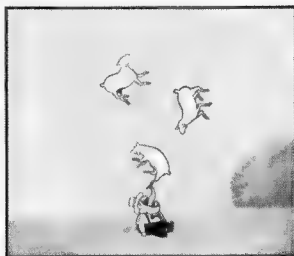


Sweetest of all was the long-awaited revenge he exacted as a result of his white-hot fame. He discovered that with celebrity came power, and it wasn't long before he began wielding it in a decidedly reckless fashion.



He entered contests at county fairs and won a bouquet of 1st prize ribbons. As luck would have it, a small write-up in his local paper caught the attention of a circus man who happened to be passing through.

## NATIVE SON AMazes ALL



Picture name: Alfred "The Great"

The toast of the town, he happily courted the most notorious women of his time. He delighted in secret rendez-vous with ladies of distinction as well, and inwardly smirked while in the presence of their clueless husbands.



Despite his many victories, however, there remained an emptiness within Alfred's vital core that he found inexplicable considering his good fortune.





It became so that anything short of a hushed reverence caused Alfred the Great to mope indignantly. Likewise, he was wildly jealous of up and coming talent, whom he considered to be cocky little punks.



Thus, his self-esteem was in a constant state of deprivation and he resorted to outlandish pranks and displays in order to generate a level of attention that was to his liking.



Unfortunately, his escapades began to affect his on-stage performance, applause turned to vicious jeering, waning ticket sales plunged altogether and he was unceremoniously fired by the circus man.



He would recoil as from a blowtorch and be gravely offended at the lightest ribbing or criticism...



Increasingly dissatisfied, he looked to rarer forms of pleasure. His excesses took on a legendary status, eclipsing the most grizzled sadomasochists of his day.



At first, Alfred the Great was unfazed by the stunning turn of events. He retired to his room at a nearby inn and waited patiently for the many offers and opportunities that were bound to arrive now that he was free to pursue them.



The opportunities not coming soon enough, he quickly deteriorated into a state of feckless despair. He reviewed his finances and in a flash of panic realized that they were nonexistent.



An attempted suicide proved a miserable flop.



His last days were spent in halfway houses and mental institutions where he could be found recounting the story of his rise and fall from grace *ad nauseum*...



How a random series of determining factors beyond his wilful control served to orchestrate this rather obnoxious fulfillment of all his worst fears, Alfred the Great could not say...



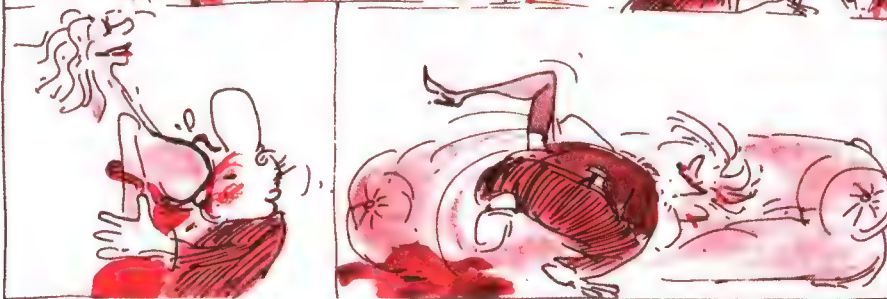
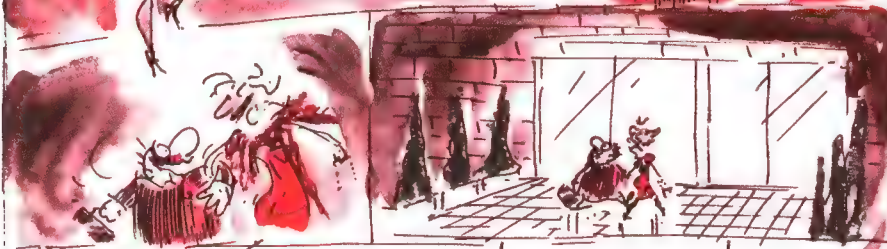
His recovery was not back months after he failed to find an account of his near-death experiences in a single newspaper or entertainment magazine.

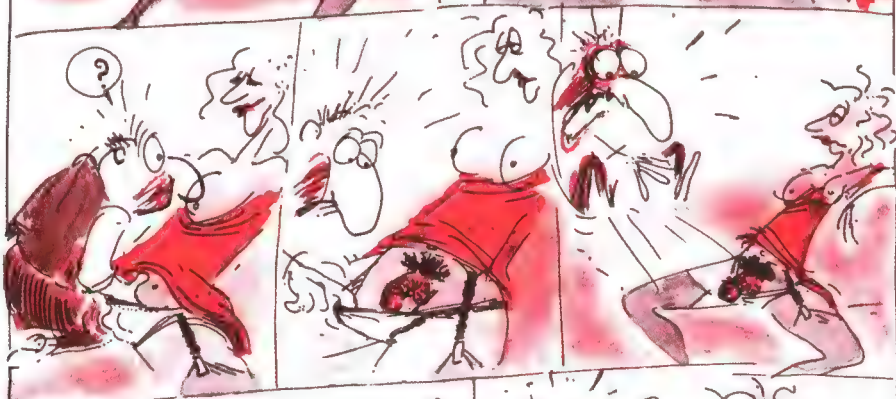
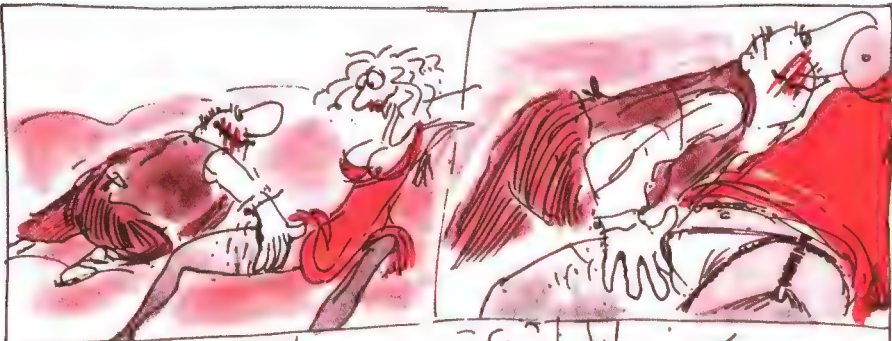


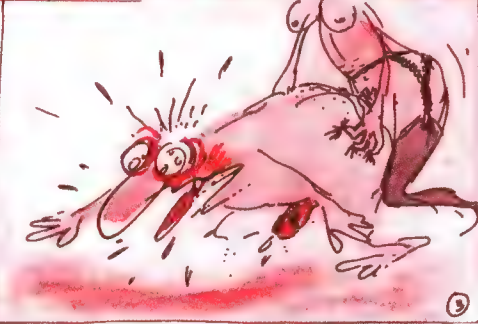
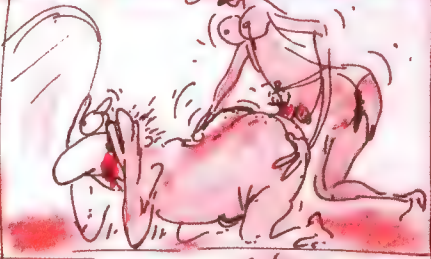
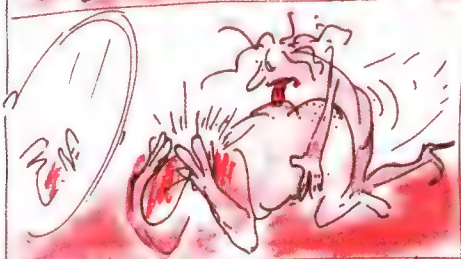
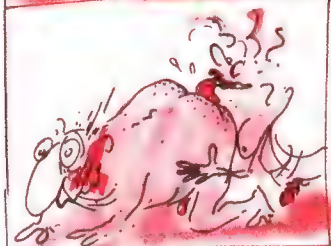
Sally, it was a story that very few seemed to appreciate.



# PUSSIED OUT











# FRANKENSTEIN

1999



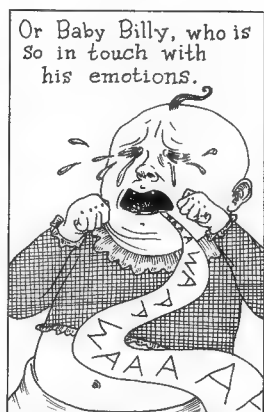
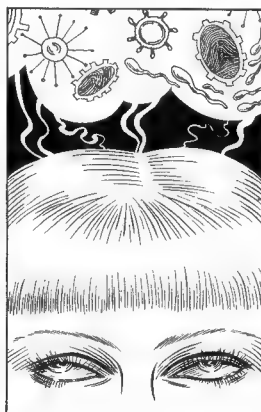
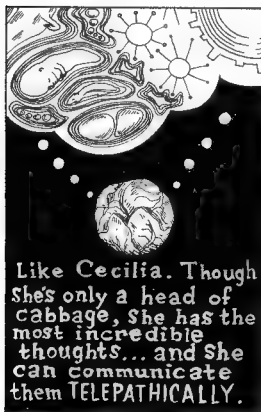
*my love...*

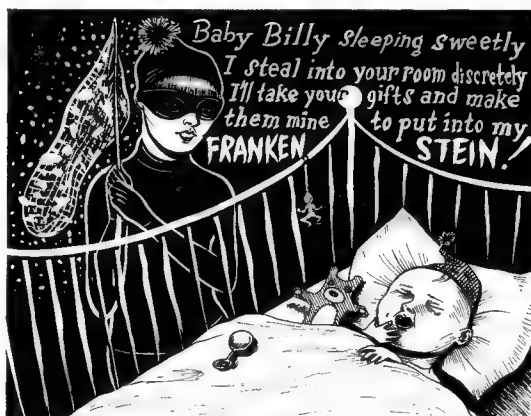
*by  
Christine  
Shields*

WILL I  
NEVER  
FIND LOVE?

WILL I NEVER  
HAVE SEX?

WHO  
PLAYS THIS  
CRUEL JOKE  
UPON  
ME??

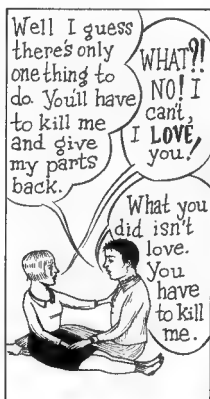












A  
**BRIEF  
ENCOUNTER  
WITH A  
STRANGE  
TROLL**



A  
**DIGNIFIED DEVIL  
ADVENTURE**

IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF WINTER AND I FOUND MYSELF  
IN A HOTEL LOBBY AT THE BEACH. I WASN'T  
EXACTLY SURE HOW I ENDED UP THERE, AND MY  
CAR WAITED OUTSIDE WHILE I TRIED TO GET MY  
HEAD TOGETHER.



THE NIGHT CLERK WAS OUT COLD SO  
I WAS FREE TO LOITER.



I WALKED OVER TO THE  
WINDOW TO SEE WHAT  
WAS GOING ON.



I COULD FEEL THE ROOM SPINNING AND I HEARD  
SCREAMING COMING FROM OUTSIDE THE HOTEL.



THERE WERE TWO GIRLS OUT THERE AND THEY WERE SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER. THEY APPEARED TO BE TWINS, DRESSED IN MATCHING OUTFITS.

THEY WERE BOTH REALLY SMALL, WITH HUGE MANES OF RED HAIR.

THEY LOOKED LIKE A PAIR OF DEMENTED TROLLS OR SOMETHING.

I STARTED TO WALK AWAY FROM THE WINDOW WHEN THE SCREAMING STOPPED.

NOW, ONE OF THE GIRLS WAS LYING ON THE GROUND WHILE THE OTHER GIRL STOOD OVER HER, CRYING.

I RAN OUTSIDE, BUT BY THE TIME I GOT OUT THERE THE INJURED GIRL WAS ALL ALONE.

ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

YEAH, I THINK SO.

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

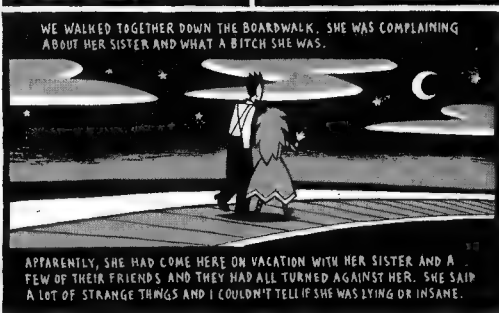
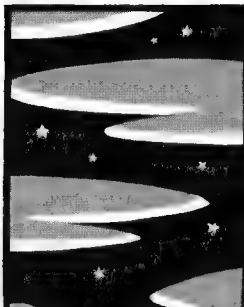
ME AN MY SISTER GOT INTO A FIGHT.

SHE STARTED SHAKING ME AND THEN I FELL BUT I THINK I'M OKAY THOUGH.

WHERE DID SHE GO?

THAT WAY.

COULD YOU GO GET HER FOR ME? I'M REAL WORRIED.







THEY LOCK ME UP  
IN THE KITCHEN  
AND MAKE ME  
COOK FOR THEM.  
THEY MAKE ME  
A SLAVE AND  
THEY HIT ME!

UH HUH.



THEY CAN ALL GO TO HELL. I  
DON'T NEED THEM AS FRIENDS.  
YOU CAN BE MY FRIEND.

I GUESS.



WE SAT DOWN AT A BENCH TO REST.  
WE WERE PRETTY FAR FROM THE  
HOTEL BY NOW AND I WAS GIVING  
UP HOPE OF BRINGING HER BACK.



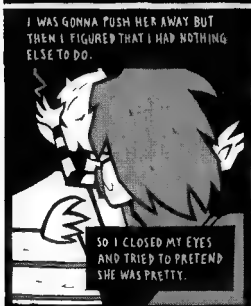
I TOOK OUT MY GIN AND DRANK WHILE  
SHE DRONED ON ABOUT HER  
TERRIBLE LIFE.



EVENTUALLY, SHE GOT QUIET AND  
PUT HER HEAD AGAINST MY SHOULDER.  
I WAS A LITTLE TENSE CAUSE,  
HONESTLY, SHE KIND OF SCARED ME.



SHE STARTED KISSING MY NECK AND  
THEN MOVED UP TO MY FACE.



I WAS GONNA PUSH HER AWAY BUT  
THEN I FIGURED THAT I HAD NOTHING  
ELSE TO DO.

SO I CLOSED MY EYES  
AND TRIED TO PRETEND  
SHE WAS PRETTY.



THINGS GOT MORE HEATED AND  
HER KISSES BECAME WILD AND  
VIOLENT. SHE STARTED RIPPING  
OFF HER CLOTHES RIGHT THERE ON  
THE BENCH! I WAS STARTING TO  
BELIEVE THAT SHE REALLY WAS  
CRAZY.



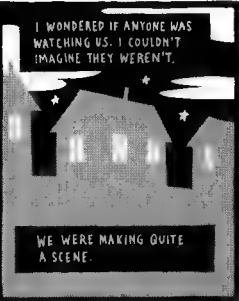
AND SHE WAS TALKING NOW. DIRTY  
TALK OF THE WORST KIND.



SHE WAS SPEWING OUT THE MOST VILE  
THINGS AS SHE VICIOUSLY ATTACKED  
MY BODY.




SHE WAS LIKE A FRANTIC BEAST. ALL THIS RAGE FROM SUCH A TINY LITTLE THING!




I WONDERED IF ANYONE WAS WATCHING US. I COULDN'T IMAGINE THEY WEREN'T.

WE WERE MAKING QUITE A SCENE.



FINALLY, SHE CLIMBED OFF ME AND STARTED GATHERING UP HER CLOTHES.

I ATTEMPTED TO REGAIN MY COMPOSURE AND TOOK A PULL AT MY DRINK.




SUDDENLY, SHE WAS SMILING AND YANKED ME OFF THE BENCH.



LET'S GO TO THE BEACH!




WE WALKED OUT ON THE BEACH AND LAID THERE SIDE BY SIDE.



SHE WAS QUIET AND PUT HER HEAD ON MY CHEST.

I WAS TRAPPED AND FEELING ILL.



I LOOKED UP AT THE SKY AND WISHED FOR SOMETHING NICE IN MY LIFE.

EVENTUALLY, I FELL ASLEEP.

WHEN I AWOKE SHE WAS GONE.



IT WAS ALMOST MORNING AND I HAD A POUNDING HEADACHE.



SOMETHING SMELLED PUTRID SO I DECIDED TO LEAVE THE BEACH.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE SMELL FOLLOWED ME WHEREVER I WENT.



IT WASN'T UNTIL I WALKED UNDER A STREET LAMP THAT I REALIZED THE SMELL WAS COMING FROM ME.



THERE WAS DRIED VOMIT ALL OVER MY CLOTHES.

I THOUGHT HARD BUT I COULDN'T REMEMBER PUKING ON MYSELF ANY TIME THE NIGHT BEFORE.



SHE PUKED ON ME WHILE I WAS SLEEPING AND THEN SNUCK OUT.

THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!

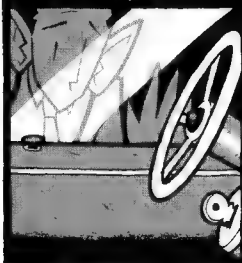
I KEPT WALKING AND FOUND MY WAY BACK TO THE HOTEL.



I SAT DOWN ON THE STREET AND LEANED AGAINST MY CAR. THE SUN WAS COMING UP NOW AND IT WAS NO USE TRYING TO SLEEP.

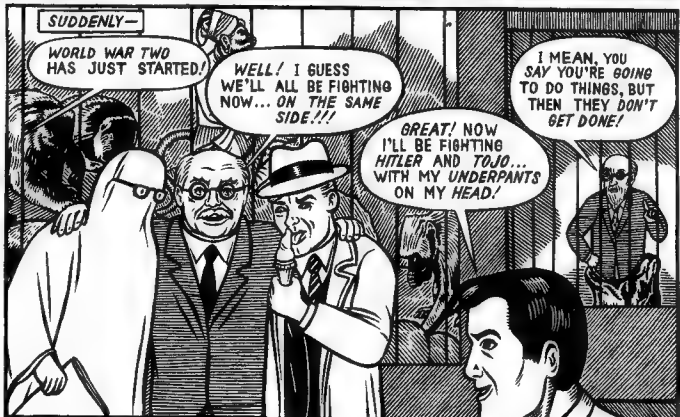
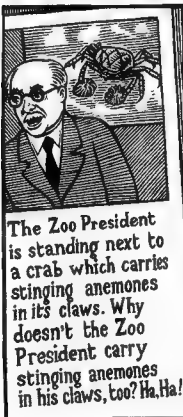
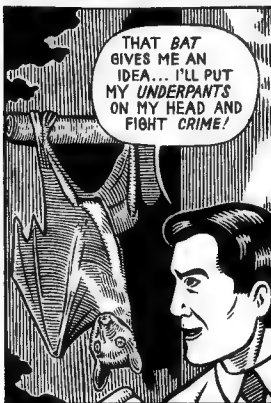
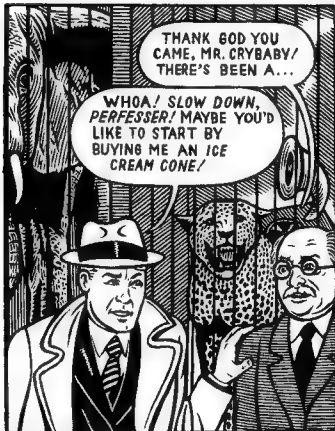


WHEN I GOT TO MY CAR I FOUND THAT I HAD LOCKED THE KEYS INSIDE.



I TOOK OUT MY GIN AND GULLED IT DOWN, DESPERATELY TRYING TO ERASE THE AWFUL TASTE FROM MY MOUTH.








SOON...

SNAP OUT OF IT, CRYBABY!!  
THE GERMANS ARE ATTACKING US  
ON THREE SIDES AND THE JAPANESE  
ARE COMING UP ON OUR FOURTH SIDE...  
ON ELEPHANTS!! SERGEANT UNDER-  
PANTS-ON-HIS-HEAD-MAN, GIVE  
ME THE RADIO!

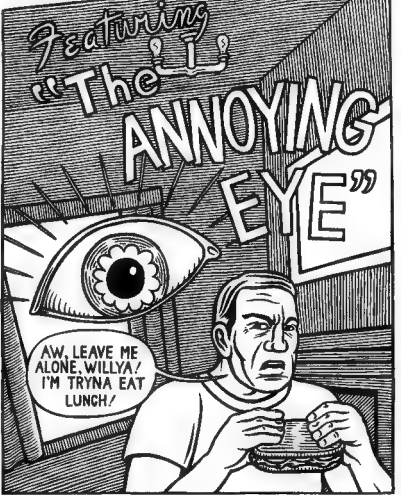
THE  
END

NOW AVAILABLE ON NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE:

 **FEEBLE-MINDED** **10c**  
**TALES OF**  
**FANTASY**  
MAR. NO. 7

Featuring  
"The **ANNOYING EYE**"

AW, LEAVE ME  
ALONE, WILL YA?  
I'M TRYNA EAT  
LUNCH!



MAR. NO. 11 **12c** **INSIPID**  
**ADVENTURES** NOW WITH 52  
HD-HUN PACKED  
PAGES!

YOUR HONOR,  
I LOVE CREAMED  
CORN...

featuring:  
**MORE BORING  
STORIES ABOUT  
TALKING GORILLAS**



WE BESEECH YOU  
TO TAKE A MOMENT  
OUT OF YOUR BUSY  
DAY TO SHED A  
TEAR IN HONOR  
OF ONE MAN'S...

# Suffering for the Stones

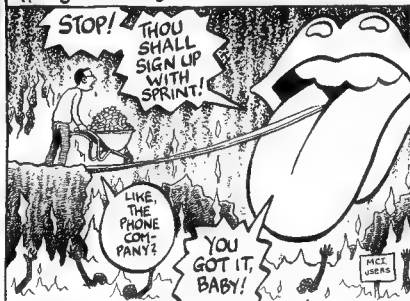
PART I  
of II

by Joe "Soul  
Survivor"  
Sacco ©1998

Dear readers, what does this look like to you? Some miserable wretch, perhaps, on his way to buy a loaf of bread during the notorious German hyperinflation of 1922? No, I'm afraid it's far more poignant than that. It's yours truly about to fork over his life savings to the British pop act, the Rolling Stones!



And what choice did I have? The Rolling Stones are the Holy Band of Obligation, and they were coming to my hometown. Reverently I presented my unworthy offerings in exchange for Rose Garden tickets, but—



Who was I to question the Job-like trial the Stones had imposed upon me and my fellow believers for the glory of fainting at first sight of Charlie Watts and screaming at Mister Jagger's 55-year-old carcass?

So dutifully we dialed a toll-free number (for hours) and waited on hold with our credit cards handy (while our lives slipped away) in order to wed ourselves to the long-distance carrier that promised first crack at the finest seats...



Of course, suffering is no stranger to the Stones faithful. For years we have persevered under the jeers of that insolent younger crowd who, in happier times, would have been shipped off to places like Vietnam.



The Stones themselves have pushed us to the breaking point, cleverly releasing appalling product on occasion to see who amongst us would crumble and forsake them.



Would our steadfast faith be rewarded by the Stones at their first Portland gig in 32 years? In the hours before the show we completed the rites of preparation much as we imagined the Stones would—bathing in cigarette smoke, anointing ourselves in wine, and keeping the company of beautiful women.



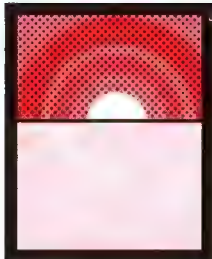
The moment had come. It was time to head for the concert...

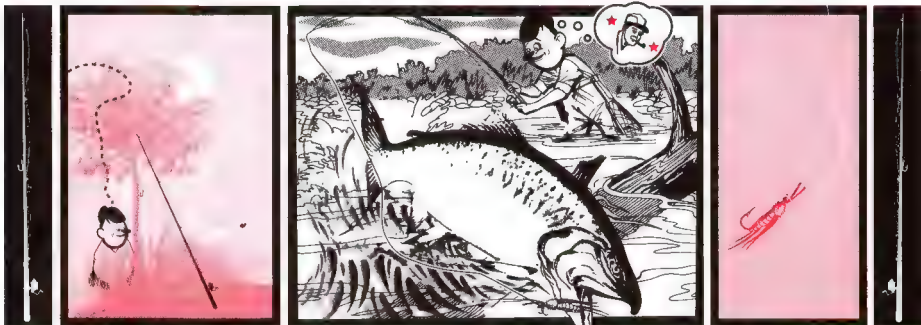
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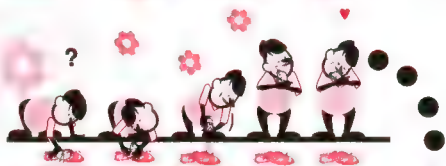
# Teddy



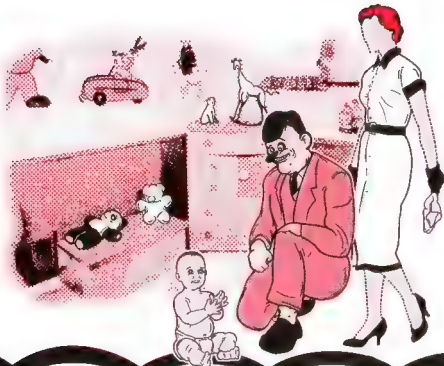


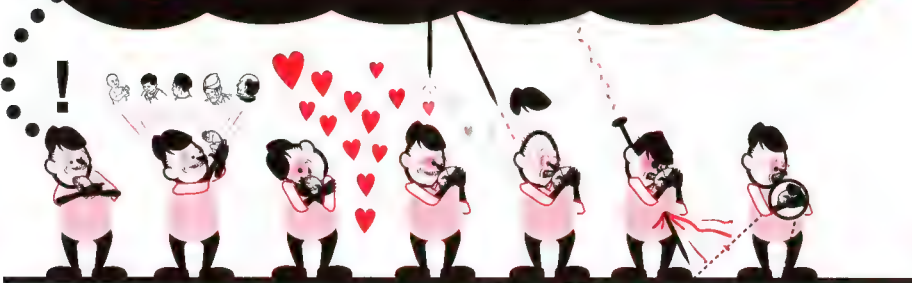


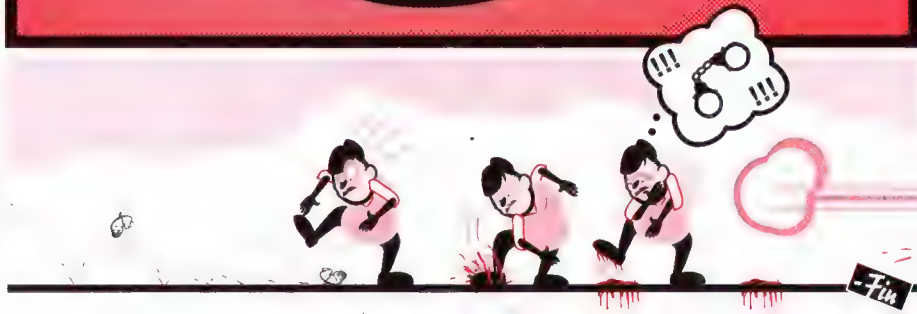












He entertained the notion that everyone's vile opinion of him was in strict accordance with an edict set forth by a nefarious ministry whose final purpose in life was to destroy him at any cost. The ministry was authorized to command a swarm of generals, lieutenants, and private field operatives who monitored his activities unceasingly. Exactly when and in what manner his enemies would finally hatch their evil designs, Alfred the Great hadn't a clue. A sitting duck, he resolved with some enthusiasm to launch a series of pre-emptive strikes of his own...



Ensuring his own survival in the process...

THE END

# HOMUNCULUS: THE TURNING POINT

BY  
MACK  
WHITE

IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE—  
A CHANCE COLLISION  
ON A DARK ROMAN STREET  
HAD BROUGHT ME FACE TO  
FACE WITH NONE OTHER  
THAN MY OLD FRIEND,  
THE **EUNUCH!** THE  
LAST TIME I HAD  
SEEN HIM HE WAS  
ABOUT TO BE  
EATEN BY EGYPTIAN  
CROCODILES...

MY SON! YOU  
FOUND ME!

HOMUNCULUS! WE HAVE  
TO HURRY! THE GUARDS  
ARE ALMOST UPON US!



GUARDS?! WHAT  
GUARDS?



NERO'S!

HEARING THIS, HE LOST NO TIME  
ASSEMBLING HIS SERVANTS AND  
HIDING US IN HIS LITTER...





THE **EUNUCH** TOOK US TO HIS **VILLA** ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY. IT WAS, OF COURSE, EVIDENT HE HAD NOT ONLY SURVIVED SINCE I LAST SAW HIM, BUT HAD **PROSPERED** AS WELL. I LOOKED FORWARD TO HEARING JUST HOW THIS HAD COME ABOUT. THE NEXT DAY, AFTER WE HAD RESTED—AND EATEN WELL—HE TOLD US...



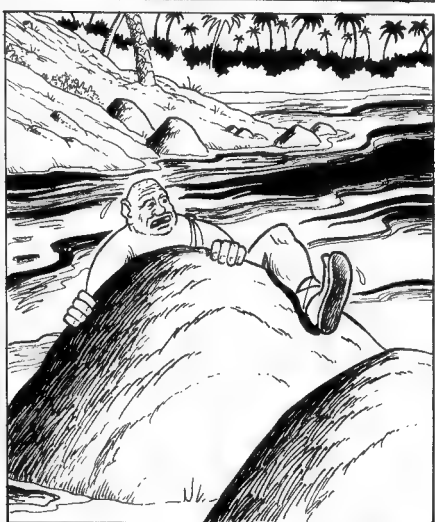
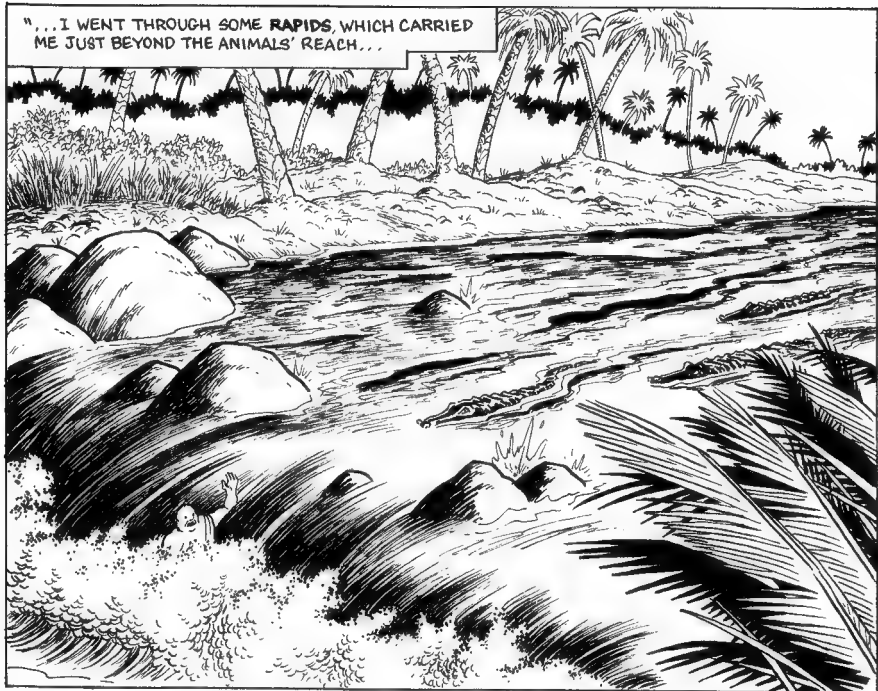
"...THE **PIRATE**—MY MASTER—HAD TREATED ME MOST CRUELY BY THROWING ME INTO A **CROCODILE**-INFESTED STREAM. YET, AS OFTEN HAPPENS, **BAD LUCK** WAS SOON FOLLOWED BY A **POSITIVE** SHIFT IN FORTUNES...

"...I TRIED TO SWIM AWAY FROM THE **CROCODILES**, AND WAS HELPED SOMEWHAT BY THE **QUICKENING** CURRENT...

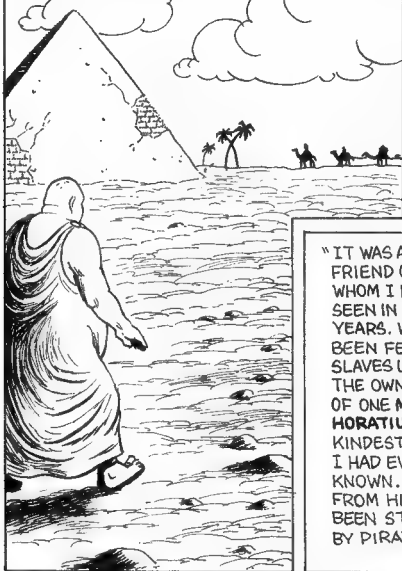




"...I WENT THROUGH SOME RAPIDS, WHICH CARRIED ME JUST BEYOND THE ANIMALS' REACH..."



"I SET OUT ON FOOT IN THE DIRECTION OF **ALEXANDRIA**. WHEN I WAS ALMOST THERE, I CAME ACROSS A CARAVAN OF CAMELS..."



**DURATIUS?!**  
IS IT YOU?



"IT WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE WHOM I HAD NOT SEEN IN SEVERAL YEARS. WE HAD BEEN FELLOW SLAVES UNDER THE OWNERSHIP OF ONE **MARCUS HORATIUS**-THE KINDEST MASTER I HAD EVER KNOWN. IT WAS FROM HIM I HAD BEEN STOLEN BY PIRATES..."

IT IS REMARKABLE TO COME ACROSS YOU OUT HERE-FOR I HAVE **NEWS** FOR YOU!

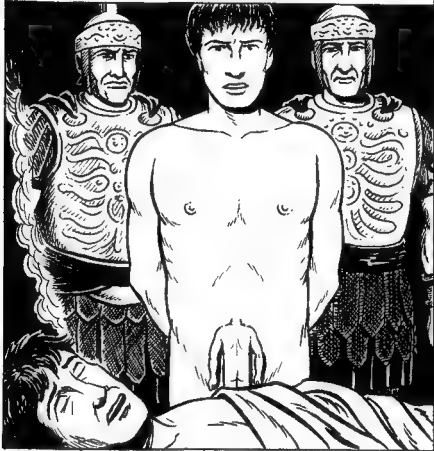


...THE NEWS HE HAD WAS THAT OUR OLD MASTER HAD DIED AND **FREED** ALL HIS SLAVES. HE HAD ALSO LEFT ME A LARGE **INHERITANCE** IN THE EVENT I SHOULD EVER BE FOUND. ...

...AND SO IT WAS I BECAME **WEALTHY** AND LIVE NOW IN THE LUXURY YOU SEE!



**T**HE SPHINX AND I MADE OURSELVES AT HOME IN THE EUNUCH'S LAVISH VILLA. THE FIRST NIGHT I SLEPT BETTER THAN I HAD IN A LONG TIME. BUT, SOME TIME IN THE NIGHT, MY SLEEP WAS DISTURBED BY A LONG, VIVID DREAM...



AS HAD ACTUALLY HAPPENED, AFTER DELIVERING MY PLEA, I FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP, DURING WHICH MY TWIN SEPARATED FROM ME. YET IT WAS AT THIS POINT THE DREAM DIVERGED FROM MY EXPERIENCE. INSTEAD OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS DEPARTING WITH THE SMALLER TWIN, IT REMAINED WITH THE LARGER, WHICH SHORTLY AWOKE...



THE EVENTS OF THIS DREAM WERE FAMILIAR TO ME. THEY WERE THE TRUE-LIFE EVENTS WHICH HAD LED UP TO MY IMPRISONMENT BY THE ROMANS. ONCE AGAIN, I WAS SENTENCED TO CRUCIFIXION—AND ONCE AGAIN I PRAYED TO MY FATHER DIONYSUS FOR DELIVERY FROM MY DOOM...



LATER, AS I WAS LED TO MY EXECUTION...

I CANNOT FEEL PAIN—NOR EVEN THE WEIGHT OF THIS CROSS...



IT WAS STRANGE EXPERIENCING EVENTS I HAD EARLIER ONLY WITNESSED—ALL THE MORE BECAUSE I DISCOVERED THE LARGER TWIN'S MIND WAS NOT A BLANK AFTER ALL, AS I HAD PREVIOUSLY SUPPOSED...



TO COVER THEIR "MISTAKE" THE SOLDIERS TOOK ME DOWN FROM THE CROSS AND HID MY BODY, WHICH THEY THOUGHT WAS DEAD...



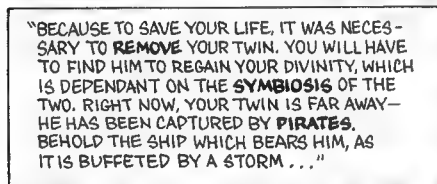
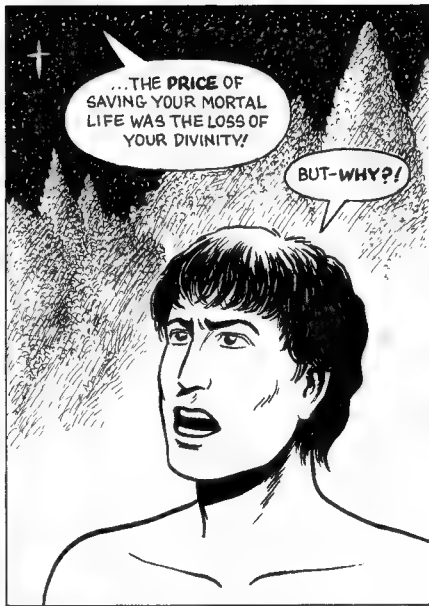
NEARBY, I OVERHEARD TWO SOLDIERS TALKING. THEY HAD NOTICED MY TWIN MISSING FROM MY BELLY...



I CONTINUED TO PLAY DEAD TILL NIGHTFALL. THEN...









ALAS, I **CANNOT** HELP YOU, FOR  
THERE IS A **LAW** AMONG THE GODS—  
THAT ANY WHO **LOSE** THEIR DIVINITY  
MUST BY THEIR **OWN** EFFORTS  
REGAIN IT...



III T WAS HERE THE DREAM PRECISELY MIRRORED MY  
EXPERIENCE. EVEN MY **MOTHER'S** WORDS WERE THE  
SAME—AND, ALSO, AS HAD HAPPENED IN REAL LIFE, WHILE  
SPEAKING TO ME, SHE **SHRANK** TO MY SIZE, THEN  
MOUNTED A STRANGE BEAST, WHICH LANDED  
NEARBY...

FAREWELL,  
MY SON!



I AWOKE WITH A START, AND FOUND MYSELF IN THE MINIATURE BED WHICH HAD BEEN PREPARED FOR ME INSIDE ONE OF THE VILLA'S MANY BEDROOMS...



UNABLE TO RETURN TO SLEEP, I CLIMBED UP ONTO THE WINDOW SILL AND LOOKED OUTSIDE. I KEPT REMEMBERING THE DREAM...



IT HAD SEEMED SO **REAL**. IN FACT, AS I LOOKED OUT ONTO THE MOONLIT CITY, THE **CONVICTION** GREW WITHIN ME THAT IT **HAD** BEEN REAL. MY TWIN WAS ALIVE, I WAS SURE OF IT. WHAT I HAD SEEN WERE HIS ACTUAL EXPERIENCES. AND I ALSO FELT THAT THE REASON I HAD HAD THIS VISION NOW WAS BECAUSE HE WAS **NEAR**. HE WAS SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IN THE CITY OF **ROME**, NO DOUBT LOOKING FOR ME...



NEXT: THE CONCLUSION





WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO THE MOTHER OF ALL CONCERTS...

# Suffering for the Stones

of II  
by Joe "Blondie"  
by Love "Sacco"  
© 1978

I must admit, I had succumbed to the fantasy, promulgated by many a local "news" outlet, that "there are no bad seats in the Rose Garden," that I'd be crushed up against The World's Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band, close enough to break security and lodge myself in Ron Wood's nose...



Flat chance! To get any further away than we were sitting, you'd have had to carve another row in the concrete wall behind us...



It seemed Sprint, which had pledged the best seats for switching to its service, had stabbed us in the back.

But let's forget about that for a moment. The real down side of any Stones show is the unsettling spectacle of other Stones fans. I see while the Stones have aged effortlessly, like any antiquity, the same cannot be said for their audience, which long ago descended into a state of shambles. I refer you to the Seattle show, where the panties rained down on Jagger were the size of garbage bags.

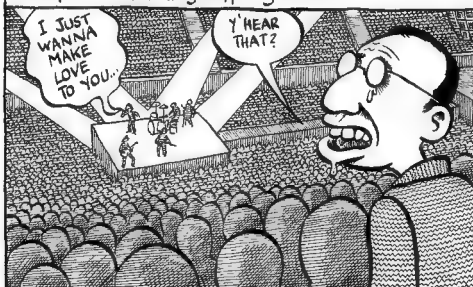


So imagine my surprise—nay, my delight—when I surveyed the Portland crowd and noted that a good half could not have embarrassed the Stones at all, and I dare say the presence of a few dozen quality specimens from the West Hills breeding grounds was an inducement to the Stones to visit our fair city again. I mean, the Stones want and deserve beautiful people.



In this context, Sprint's shoving a short, balding, near-sighted catastrophe like myself into the rafters was beginning to seem like a sound move, one entailing personal sacrifice, of course, but necessary nonetheless.

And the show? Well, the Stones wiped away the anguish that comes hand in glove with belief and brought real redemption to this long-suffering devotee.



For the length of a 21-song set, there was almost no pain at all.

But my martyrdom resumed the next day.



# A ZERO ZERO Story

COLLIER 1999

YOU THINK THINGS ARE BAD NOW... WELL YEAH, THEY'RE BAD, BUT THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN BAD. LOOKIT 1996, OKAY? LOOKIT THIS GUY.

IT'S THE COLOR OF A BANANA AND ALMOST AS THICK!

FUCKIN' HELL!  
I NEED THIS  
FINGER! IT'S ON  
MY DRAWIN'  
HAND!!



IT'S 630 IN THE MORNING AND DAVE'S LATE FOR WORK ALREADY. IT'S MAY AND IT'S STILL SNOWING. THE EARTH'S CLIMATE IS IN TURMOIL!

SASKATCHEWAN  
FUCKIN' WEATHER!  
POST FUCKIN'  
OFFICE JOB!

I'VE DONE ALOT OF SHIT JOBS  
IN MY LIFE, BUT THIS ONE'S TH'  
WORST! IT'S A SPY JOB-AN  
EVIL SHIT JOB!



IT'S A PULSING, SICKENING PAIN-HEY! KEEP THAT FINGER ELEVATED! DON'T JAR IT!

AND I'VE GOT TO COME UP  
ANOTHER ZERO ZERO STORY  
AND IT CAN'T  
BE 'AUTO-  
BIOGRAPH-  
ICAL'!

HOW DID I EVER  
GET INTO  
THIS  
MESS??



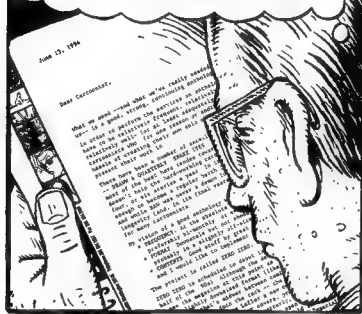
HOW? GO BACK SOME MORE TIME, TO THE SUMMER OF '94,  
AND OVER TO SEATTLE AND YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW!

UH-OH!  
NOW  
WHAT?

COLLIER!  
ONE OF  
THESE IS  
FOR YOU!



HMM.. "WHAT WE NEED IS... A GOOD, STRONG, CONTINUING ANTHOLOGY COMIC. THE PROJECT IS CALLED ZERO ZERO, AND THIS LETTER IS A CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS."



A PREJUDICE OF MINE I'D LIKE TO AIR HERE: I'M SICK TO DEATH OF AUTOBIO.



TOO MANY CARTOONISTS ARE TAKING MATERIAL THAT WOULD BE DULL IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE IMPLICIT CHARGE THAT "THIS REALLY HAPPENED... TO ME!"



ZERO ZERO... YOU KNOW, LIKE THE CHANGING NUMERALS ON AN ODOMETER... IT'S GOING TO HAVE A BIT OF A MILLENNIAL THEME!

BRILLANT! I WANT TO BE INVOLVED IN A MILLENNIAL PROJECT! \*



\*"WE'RE MILLENNIAL CREATURES LIVING IN A MILLENNIAL TIME- WHETHER YOU WANT TO EMBRACE THE FACT OR IGNORE IT."-CATHERINE BUSH

AND SO-!

I REALLY DIDN'T EXPECT TO GET RICH DOING STORIES FOR ZERO ZERO... R. CRUMB TOLD ME, BACK WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER: "IT'S VERY HARD TO MAKE ANY MONEY DRAWING THESE KINDS OF COMICS"

BUT OH-COUNTING THE MAIL SUCKS! MANAGEMENT TREATS YOU LIKE SCUM, AND THE LETTER CARRIERS ACT AS THOUGH YOU ARE A SCAB!



\*"BUT WHAT DO WE CARE!! DO IT FOR LOVE!!"

HOPING TO BREAK OUT OF THIS VICIOUS CYCLE AND ACTUALLY GET GOOD, DAVE ALSO ATTENDS FIGURE DRAWING SESSIONS

JAN, I WANT YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT DAVE HERE'S FINGER!

LISTEN BUSTER, I'M A REGISTERED NURSE, AND IF YOU DON'T GET IT LOOKED AT NOW, YOU'LL LOSE IT!



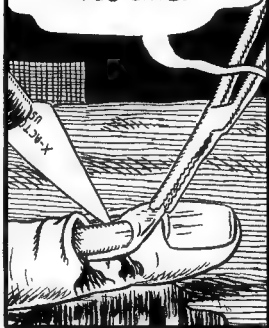
IT BEGAN MAYBE A MONTH AGO ... I DUNNO, THERE WAS NO INJURY, IT JUST STARTED HURTIN' GETTIN' BIGGER...

-A VERY BAD INFECTION! I CUT AWAY ALL THIS FLESH... IT GOES RIGHT DOWN TO THE BONE!



DR YANG, ROYAL UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

SEE! THERE'S THE BONE! IF X-RAYS SHOW THE INFECTION IN THE BONE, THEN WE MIGHT BE TOO LATE!



IF THERE IS ANYTHING YOU CAN DO DOC, FOR GODS SAKE DO IT!! I JUST CAN'T LOSE THAT FINGER-- HERE, LOOK AT THIS STUFF: THE COMICS, THE NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS! MY WHOLE LIFE IS TIED TO MY DRAWING HAND!



AFTER A CLOSE SHAVE, DAVE CARRIES ON.

NOW MY RESOLVE IS ONLY STRONGER TO BE IN EVERY ISSUE OF ZERO ZERO UNTIL THE YEAR 2000!



I KNOW I'M NOT THE MOST SPECTACULAR OR BEST-KNOWN CARTOONIST ON EARTH, BUT I THINK I CAN ADD SOMETHING TO THIS ANTHOLOGY BY SHOWING UP EVERYTIME WITH A GOOD EFFORT. CALL ME A 'JOURNEYMAN' LIKE A 'GRINDER' HOCKEY PLAYER!

...FIGHTING FOR THE PUCK ALONG THE BOARDS SO SOME STAR CAN SCORE THAT BIG GOAL!



BUT A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR ENDS DAVE'S STREAK AT THIRTEEN ISSUES.

HE'S RETIRING THE "COLLIER'S CORNER" BECAUSE THE PACING OF MY STORIES HAS BECOME PREDICTABLE?!

WELL, AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO COME UP WITH NON-AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL TOPICS ANYMORE!



GETTING FROM SASKATOON TO ANYPLACE ELSE IS A PAIN IN THE ASS. MAYBE THE PLANE WILL STOP IN WINNIPEG OR EDMONTON OR SOME OTHER PLACE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF. IT WAS DURING A THREE-HOUR LAY-OVER IN THUNDER BAY THAT DAVE BROKE THE NEWS TO HIS WIFE, CLARA.

UH-KIM SAID THAT I'M NOT GOING TO DO ANYMORE STUFF FOR ZERO ZERO...

OH THAT'S JUST GREAT!



AND YOU KNOW WHY THIS HAPPENED?? IT'S BECAUSE YOU NEVER LISTEN! YOU NEVER LISTEN WHEN PEOPLE CRITICIZE YOU! GARY SAID YOUR STYLE WAS STARTING TO LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE CRUMB'S, BUT YOU JUST WOULDN'T LISTEN!!



SOON, THE EIGHT-YEAR MARRIAGE IS OVER!

I HOPE I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING!

WELL, WE HAD A LOT OF LAUGHS...



ONE YEAR LATER--!

EVERYTIME I ENTER MY X-WIFE'S EMPTY, ECHOING FORMER WORKROOM, I THINK ABOUT HOW 'NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM'!

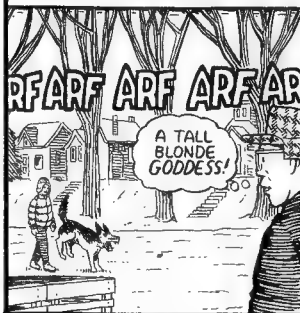




UNBELIEVABLY, ANOTHER PHASE IN DAVE'S LIFE STARTS ONE WINTER'S DAY WITH A CHANCE MEETING ON AN OTHERWISE DESERTED STREET...

THEY WERE TO FIND SO MUCH IN COMMON! THEY BOTH ATTENDED THE SAME HIGH SCHOOL! THEY BOTH KNEW CHRIS OLIVEROS!

THE DOG, JENNIFER HAD FOUND IN THE MONTREAL S.P.C.A. HIS PREVIOUS OWNER HAD GIVEN UP ON HIM, SAYING THAT HE WOULD NOT STOP BARKING!



IT WAS JENNIFER'S CONFIDENCE AND STAMINA

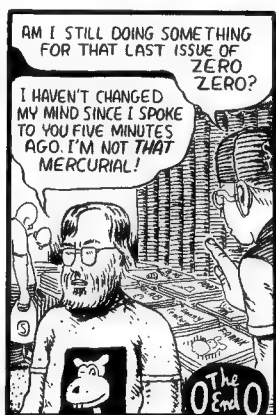
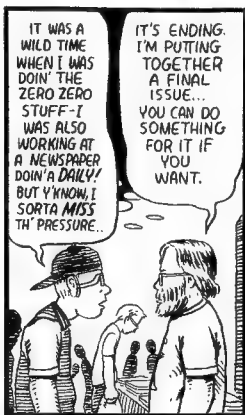
THAT GOT THEM TO THE SAN DIEGO COMICS "CON"!

ALL WE HAVE IS THE GAS MONEY THAT CHRIS OLIVEROS WIRED US... Y'KNOW, IT'S GONNA MEAN A MONTH OF SLEEPING IN THE TRUCK AND EATING NOTHING BUT MY OATMEAL...

I STILL WANT TO GO TO THE CONFERENCE BUT WE GOTTA WORK AROUND THE OATMEAL!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! COLLIER'S #4 CAME OUT EARLIER THIS YEAR, YOU *KNEW* THAT HE WOULD BE HERE AND YET YOU DON'T HAVE ANY COPIES OF HIS COMIC OUT! IS *THIS* HOW YOU PROMOTE YOUR ARTISTS?!

WHAT AN AMAZON! SHE'S REALLY CHEWIN' KIM OUT! I'VE NEVER HAD ANYONE DO THIS FOR ME...



The End

# THE zERO zERO BOOKSHELF

Aaron Augenblick: **TALES OF THE GREAT UNSPOKEN:** As seen in this issue of ZZ! This stunning full-color comic, starring "The Dignified Devil," is hilarious and evocative and should be on everyone's shelf — now! \$5.50

Dave Collier: **COLLIER'S #2-4:** Three issues still available. Issue #3, the true story of fake-Native American "Grey Owl," is especially impressive. \$2.75 (#2), \$3.50 (#3), \$2.95 (#4).

Al Columbia: **THE BIOLOGIC SHOW #0-1:** Nightmares will haunt you after you read these lovingly-delineated perversions. "Pim and Francie" appear in both issues. Hail Columbia! \$2.95 each

Dave Cooper: **SUCKLE: THE STATUS OF BASIL:** Cooper's first graphic novel is a surreal travelogue through a nightmare cartoon universe. Nominated as "Best Original Graphic Novel" of 1996, deservedly so. \$14.95

Dave Cooper: **PRESSED TONGUE #1-3:** A mini-series about a deprived landlord and his bizarre tenants; Cooper's last work before *Suckle*. \$2.95 each

Dave Cooper: **WEASEL #1:** Cooper's latest series — first issue is a superdeluxe 48-page two-color extravaganza with lots of guest artists. \$4.95

Kim Deitch: **ALL-WALDO COMICS AND A SHROUD FOR WALDO:** The cat came back in these two paperbacks (the first a collection of vintage underground stories, the second a collection of the '80s *L.A. Reader* serial). \$7.95

Kim Deitch: **BEYOND THE PALE:** 144 pages of weird and woolly comix from the birth of the underground through the end of *Weirdo*. \$14.95

Kim Deitch: **WALDOWORLD #1-3:** The conclusion of the "Boulevard" storyline, starring his calculatin' cartoon cat. \$2.50 each

Mike Diana: **THE WORST OF BOILED ANGEL:** They threw his ass in jail over this. The least you can do is buy it. Very offensive. \$16.95

Ethan Persoff: **TOP NOTCH #1:** That not-so-lovable drunk Peter staggers through his day in this very stylish new comic from Persoff! \$4.50

Joe Sacco: **PALESTINE VOL. 1 and 2:** Award-winning journalism in cartoon form. \$16.95 each

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**ZERO ZERO #1 (March/April 1995):** 64-page superdupr premiere issue! Ted Stearns' "Fuzz and Pluck," "The Man With the Big Head" by David Holzman, "New Adventures of Jesus," Moriarity & Bukowski, Max Andersson, Glenn Head, Henriette Valium, Collier, Panter cover. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #2 (May/June 1995):** "The Chuckling Whatsit" by Richard Sala begins. Also, Mack White's "Homunculus," "Car-Boy" by Max Andersson, new "Trashman" story by Spain, David Mazzucchelli, Mats!?, and more. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #3 (July 1995):** ZZ debuts from Skip Williamson and Rick Altermatt, Andersson's "Lolita," plus Mark Newgarden, "Fuzz and Pluck," and a Valium cover. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #4 (August 1995):** "Meat Box," by Kaz and Georgarakis premieres, plus Andersson, Mark Beyer, a Stearns "dream" story, and Al Columbia's "I Was Killing When Killing Wasn't Cool." \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #5 (Sept./Oct. 1995):** Joe Coleman cover! Chris Ware frontispiece! Justin Green back cover! Plus Kim Deitch, Car-Boy, "Meat Box," "Homunculus." \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #6 (Nov./Dec. 1995):** Kim Deitch premieres "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare!" "Fuzz and Pluck," Williamson, Penny Van Horn, and Rick Altermatt round out the issue. \$3.95

## zERO zERO BACK ISSUES aND mORE

**ZERO ZERO #7 (Jan./Feb. 1996):** "Molly O'Dare" continues! 18-page "BestWorld" cover story by Bill Griffith! Plus Andersson, Gilbert Hernandez, Archer Prewitt. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #8 (March/April 1996):** Big anniversary issue: "Sof'Boy" by Prewitt, Al Columbia, end of "Molly O'Dare," Henriette Valium, "Homunculus" and "Fuzz and Pluck," and a cover by Charles Burns. \$5.95

**ZERO ZERO #9 (May/June 1996):** Snappy Sammy Smoot returns! Plus Henderson and Blanquet, the first story by Susan Catherine/Oscar Zarate, Valium back cover. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #10 (July 1996):** Ultra-groovy Drew Friedman cover! 8 Valiums! Sam Henderson! Plus Max Andersson, Aleksandar Zograf, Jeff Johnson, more! \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #11 (August 1996):** Dave Cooper's "Suckle" (runs from #1 to #16 and #18 to #20) premieres! Plus Stearns, Kaz, Mazzucchelli, Andersson, Tompkins. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #12 (Sept./Oct. 1996):** Max Andersson's 15-page "Death," P. Revess and Joakim Pirinen ZZ debuts, plus Michael Douglas and a back cover by Dan Clowes. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #13 (Nov./Dec. 1996):** Extra-long "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter, plus Henderson, Williamson, "Homunculus," "Idiotland" by Doug Allen, and Jim Blanchard!. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #14 (Jan./Feb. 1997):** Stephane Blanquet cover, two count 'em two, "Silent Stories"! Also, Mike Diana, Terry LaBan, and a Kim Deitch back cover. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #15 (March 1997):** Joe Sacco heads for Bosnia with 15-page "Christmas With Karadzic," first major story since *Palestine*! Plus Revess, Valium, Henderson, Columbia, and the serials. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #16 (April/May 1997):** Big of "Brute" of an anniversary issue, with a full-color "Jimmy Corrigan" story by Chris Ware, striking 2-color stories by Al Columbia ("Blood Clot Boy") and Henriette Valium ("The

Man in the Sewer"), a new chapter of "MeatBox," plus Joakim Pirinen, Penny van Horn, Skip Williamson, P. Revess, Aleksandar Zograf, Krystine Kryttre, and a cover by Kaz. \$5.95

**ZERO ZERO #17 (June 1997):** Michael Dougan's terrifying "Double Booked!" Penultimate "Chuckling Whatsit," new "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter, and more! \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #18 (July 1997):** Especially lame Sam Henderson cover story! "Young Jeffrey Dahmer" by Derfl! Plus J.R. Williams, M.L. Teague, Archer Prewitt, and Walt Holcombe! \$3.95

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**ZERO ZERO #20 (Sept./Oct. 1997):** Glenn Head cover and lead story! Conclusion to "Suckle!" "Amnesia," another 2-color Al Columbia story! Full-color M.L. Teague tale! Plus "Homunculus," "Pop. 666," and Lewis Trondheim! \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #21 (Nov./Dec. 1997):** Cover-to-cover all-new Kim Deitch! 51 pages of "The Secret of Smilin' Ed"! Possibly the greatest comics story ever to pass through these benighted pages! \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #22 (January/February 1998):** Seth inside front cover! Lewis Trondheim "Cosmonaut" back cover! Plus huge chunks of "Homunculus" and "Fuzz and Pluck," Mike Diana's "Lobster Man," "Pop. 666," and the continuation of "Smilin' Ed." \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #23 (April/May 1998):** Steven's Doug Allen invades ZZ, with his "Tired" strip and cover, plus the 12-page "The Head Reserve" by Henriette Valium, "Junk Rabbit Part One" by Mike Diana, and short stories from Blanquet, Ethan Persoff, and Renée French. \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #24 (Summer 1998):** Susan Catherine and Oscar Zarate return with a new story, plus a particularly vile Ivan Brunetti, an Archer Prewitt cover, more "Smilin' Ed.," "Junk Rabbit," and "Pop. 666," plus another "Cosmonaut." \$3.95

**ZERO ZERO #25 (Fall 1998):** Superspectacular cover and story by Ott; Joe Rocco takes on Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer's homoerotic subtext: "The Stones and I" by Joe Sacco; Glenn Head's "Slink Toys"; plus "Homunculus," "Smilin' Ed.," and P. Revess! \$3.95

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